Thirty Years of the Fellowship

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

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Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness,
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

—John of Damascus (8th century), translated by J. M. Neale (1850).

Published Bi-monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

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No. 2

MARCH-APRIL
1949

OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXX MARCH-APRIL
No. 2 1949

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Diamonds

Dear New Yorkers:—

Have you ever admired American "diamonds"? Years have rolled by since that question was put to me in a New York hotel. "See how they sparkle! How brilliant! How precious!" The man offering them for sale kept himself under a strong electric light. Fortunately a theatrical friend appeared and listened. Then he caught my eye and raised his eyebrows. That was enough. I immediately declined to buy the sparkling gems.

Now accompany me to 15 Philipse Place, Yonkers. We must borrow a very powerful telescope from a scientific gentleman. We will ascend to the top room — or a higher building if you wish — and there use the telescope. "Do you see in the distance a rocky open country?" I ask you. "Well, that is Herkimer County, famous for crystals — well-known in our British Museum, London." I am always proud to show my American friends the glass case in the Museum marked "Herkimer County Crystals." I have some in my home which I discovered in my youthful theatrical days, when touring in New York State. I regret to say I broke rocks with a hammer one Sunday afternoon and secured these treasures as souvenirs.

Now let us go back to the hotel and the "supposed-to-be" diamond merchant. He had cleverly manipulated and polished Herkimer crystals, and the brilliant light did the rest. Billy Sunday used to say, "You can't dazzle God with your diamonds!"

The American-European Christian Fellowship has discovered real diamonds of humanity in the miry clay of this world's delusive, degrading allurements. Many converts in Europe and other lands will shine as stars before God's throne in the Heavenly Home. Every day the Fellowship Missionaries are digging deep down into God's Word, and with the true light of salvation they go into dark corners to find diamonds for Jesus. Are we digging for promises to strengthen our faith for prayer-comradeship?

Do not give a donation to secure a front seat in the Glory. That is a delusion. To pray in the Holy Ghost is a real transaction with God. These days are difficult for all soul-winners. "Behold, I come quickly," says the Master. "Watch and pray." Are we true and genuine watchers? O for men and women who will "pay the price" and walk in the light of God's searching holiness! Will you join with me in this daily prayer: "Heavenly Father, arouse us. Stir us; convict us of the sin of vain excuses. Then bring us under the shadow of Calvary's Cross. In Jesus' Name may we faithfully obey the promptings of the Holy Spirit."

Yours on behalf of the perishing multitudes,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

4, Eldon House, Lansdowne Road, Croydon, England.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

Mountain - Moving Faith

Faith is never mountain-moving because it moves mountains, but because it does not doubt God can move them, and will, at the need. Mountain-moving faith never tries, nor even thinks of trying to move mountains. It is fully convinced it could not if it tried, but it is also confident it need not try, for God will do it.

Mustard-seed faith is as undismayed at the opposition of a mountain as of a tree; because, first, it does not reflect on its own size, is not abashed by self-consciousness, is unconcerned about its own insignificance; and secondly, because it does not make a business of measuring obstacles, has no eye for their relative size; for, as they are all finite, they are all of one size to faith — less than God, equally disproportioned to Him.

"Great" faith, then, is neither self-absorbed, nor absorbed with circumstances, but is all-absorbed with God. For it recognizes that its only duty, yet its all-essential and bounden duty, in order to succeed, is simply to roll its little insignificant mustard-seed self up against the foot of the tree, or mountain, and lie there, looking up to God, watching and waiting in confident expectation till He removes it.—G. B. Peck (selected).

I will make all my mountains a way.—Isaiah 49.11.

Appreciation from CARE

Dear Dr. Smith:—

On behalf of the Executive Board of CARE and our member agencies, may I express our sincere appreciation for the excellent coöperation you have extended to CARE in recent issues of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD.

You may be sure that your participation in bringing CARE's message to the American people has been reflected in an increasing flow of food and clothing textile packages to the helpless peoples overseas. This response to the emergency is a public service of which you may well be proud.

Sincerely yours,
PAUL COMLY FRENCH,
Executive Director.

CARE's new standard food package contains: 1 lb. beef in beef broth, 1 lb. steak and kidney, ½ lb. liver loaf, ½ lb. corned beef, ¾ lb. Prem (luncheon meat), ½ lb. bacon, 2 lbs. margarine, 1 lb. Swift'ning, 1 lb. apricot preserves, 1 lb. honey, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. chocolate, 2 lbs. sugar, ½ lb. egg powder (equals 18 eggs), 2 lbs. whole milk powder (equals 2 gallons); 2 lbs. coffee, 2 lbs. rice, 2 lbs. flour, 12 oz. soap.

CARE also offers a British food package, an Oriental food package, food for Italy and Greece, kosher food, baby food, infant food, layette package, household linen, knitting wool, lard, wool suiting and blanket packages — all priced at $10.00 or less.

The standard package may be sent to Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, the Netherlands, Poland, and the American, French and British Zones of Germany. It may also be flown, for $12.50, into blockaded Berlin.

People in Europe are still faced with a meager, monotonous diet. They need the physical and spiritual lift that a package from you brings!

Thirty Years of the Fellowship

PASTOR HERBERT HOGG
1890-1937

We approach that period in the history of the Fellowship when another outstanding personality, among so many that might be mentioned, begins to leave its strong and wholesome impression upon the work of the society. It is a privilege to pay tribute in this issue to Pastor Herbert Hogg (May 19, 1890—Aug. 16, 1937), who served the Fellowship for many years as Vice-President and as Secretary. He was associate pastor (with Rev. O. R. Palmer) of Berachah Church in Philadelphia. His world-wide missionary vision brought him into contact with the work of many organizations, which he served as a director and adviser. He was untiring in personal work. It has been written of him: "All his personal letters were full of spiritual blessing — encouraging, comforting, exhorting in the ways of the Lord, those to whom he wrote. Whether to a young believer, to a life dedicated to the mission field, or one disappointed in rejection for foreign service, to a missionary in some remote corner of the earth, or to two young lives joined for service with the Master, or to some lonely soul in the twilight of life, to all, and many more, he wrote with sympathetic, prayerful interest." The files of past correspondence of the Fellowship give abundant proof of the truth of this statement. All his words, as written there, are wholesome, helpful, never critical, never fault-finding. In the Fellowship's "Hall of Fame" his name must ever hold an honored place. We cherish our continued association with Mrs. Alice Patten Hogg, who has kindly permitted us to use the accompanying photograph. She continues, so far as possible, his noble work.

Official records of the Fellowship make mention of other landmarks in those early days. The Fellowship's Certificate of Incorporation is dated May 10, 1926. The original incorporators were Orson R. Palmer, W. S. Hottel, Henry L. Hellyer, Norman J. Smith and Clarence E. Mason. The by-laws, bearing the same date, contain the following Doctrinal Basis of the American-European Fellowship, which it seems wise to give here in full.

"The Doctrinal Basis of this Fellowship and Union is faith in the one God, who is revealed in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Spirit; in the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testament in the original manuscripts; in the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ and in His substitutionary atonement through the shed blood, for our sins; in His bodily resurrection for our justification; in the presence and Presidency of the Holy Spirit in the church; in salvation by grace alone; in the sanctification of believers through the Word of God and by the Holy Spirit, leading to holiness and fullness of life in Christ

Jesus; in the eternal joy of the saved and the eternal punishment of the lost; in the personal visible coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to receive His church and to reign in glory upon the earth."

In 1926, THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD carried descriptions of the work of the Bible School at Radost, Poland, by the able hand of Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, who had visited the school and spoke from first-hand experience. Needless to say, he is still a valued contributor to these pages. Other reports were signed by A. Dobrinin and Paul L. Mishkoff. The magazine at that time contained many devotional articles, in addition to the missionary news. An early appeal is still moving: "How often do we hear the expression when people are solicited for offerings, 'Oh, you won't feel it!' 'It won't hurt you!' 'You will never know the difference,' etc. The facts are, people ought to sacrifice until it does hurt, and they do feel it, and will know the difference. The real difficulty is not a want of money, but of interest." (May, 1926, p. 16.)

The issue of July, 1926, presented the autobiography of Rev. John Kovalchuk, then outgoing as our missionary to Poland, now (since the second World War) our valued ministrant among the Slavonic peoples of Argentina. He wrote of his conversion, training, and missionary call. He was graduated from the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Texas, with the degree of Th.B., in 1925. His loyal wife, Mary, and little daughter, Anna, accompanied him to the mission field.

A prophetic article reprinted from the Jewish Missionary Magazine, in August, 1926, dealing with the Jew's need of Palestine, concluded: "Now he has his own land. I am going to Palestine because I want to see the dawn of a new civilization. I want to watch the land of Israel, because I believe great things are gestating there."

Letters were also received from the Light to the East Mission, directed by Pastor W. L. Jack and Dr. Jakob Kroeker, both of whom were personally known to Rev. Norman J. Smith through his visit to Wernigerode am Harz. (Dr. Kroeker has just recently died, December 12, 1948, at the age of seventy-six.)

Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Hill were laboring for the Lord, under the Fellowship, in Siret, Roumania. Mrs. Hill wrote: "May we ask an interest in your prayers for the children in this land who are living in darkness, that we may be able to reach many more and bring them to the Lord Jesus." Being a trained nurse, she was able to do a great work among the women. Rev. Fred Stettler, a young graduate of Moody Bible Institute, arrived in Siret, to help them, in December, 1926. Miss Edna Kauffman, later to become Mrs. Charles Lukesh, sailed for her field of work, in Czechoslovakia, in February, 1927.

Reading the early accounts of these missionaries, we are reminded of Hudson Taylor's description of the equipment that one needs in order to be a missionary: "A life yielded to God, a restful trust in Him to supply your needs, a willingness to take a lowly place, adaptability toward circumstances, steadfastness in discouragement, love for prayer and study of the Word, some experience and blessing in the Lord's work at home."

Rev. Charles Lukesh wrote, for the magazine, a story of his life, telling of his conversion, training at Nyack Missionary Institute, and early missionary labors in South America, in Chile and elsewhere. Appeals were made, in the closing months of 1927, for a suitable building where he might carry on his work in Czechoslovakia.

In March, 1928, Rev. George W. Hunter was appointed Western Field Secretary for the Fellowship, with headquarters in Long Beach, California. Here, again, was a strong personality which left its mark unmistakably upon the affairs of the Fellowship. His letters, preserved in our files, give rich evidence of his vigor, energy, and consecration.

When terrible earthquakes visited Bulgaria in 1928, the Fellowship responded to the needs by sending gifts of clothing, and making a special appeal. The issue of June, 1928, presented the picture and testimony of an outgoing missionary to Bulgaria, Paulina Dimkova (later Mrs. Lubomir Nikoff). Also in 1928, Miss Edna Kauffman became Mrs. Charles Lukesh. Three new missionaries sailed for Poland on November 15, 1928: Jean W. Rhode, Grace E. Mott, and Martha Schäuble (later Mrs. Fred Stettler).

In 1929, the magazine begins to carry devotional articles by Dr. A. C. Gaebelein and Dr. H. A. Ironside. The format of the magazine was also changed, and for a time it had thirty-two pages (the same size as now) and a bright blue or tan cover. It also carried a series of articles on "Religious Experiences in Europe," by Dr. George A. Simons, then newly appointed as General Secretary of the American-European Fellowship. In introducing them, this comment was made: "As far as profound knowledge of European affairs is concerned, Dr. Simons might have been born on the continent, instead of in America. Yet his American birth has given him a broad, unbiased view of affairs in every European country, rather than a patriotism born of allegiance to a single monarchy or state." Dr. Simons, of course, continues to serve the Fellowship, now as Assistant Treasurer.

The issue of October, 1929, presented Dr. Arno Clemens Gaebelein as the new Editor; he was also president of the Board of Directors. Brilliant and consecrated, an outstanding lecturer, author, and editor, he did much to establish the Fellowship on a firm foundation. His work will be discussed more fully in our next issue.

In 1926, a young Hebrew Christian named James Yuk received permission to leave Russia in order to study medicine. He received his medical diploma at the University of Prague, and became an interne in one of the largest children's hospitals there, in 1930.

Early letters were received from Jozef Mrozek in Poland, whose work still engages our attention. And in Poland, on June 15, 1930, Fred Stettler and Martha Schäuble were married,—a union which has been greatly blessed.

(*To be continued*)

Salvation of a Robber Band

To the freezing and hungry children, the cold night seemed infinitely long. Finally, at daybreak, they hastened to the cemetery, where in an especially enclosed corner were buried those who had died of infectious diseases. At the gate the children begged the keeper to be let in, and asked to be shown the grave of their parents. But the man answered in a harsh voice: "How many bodies were carried out here only last night! How could I know who is buried here? Besides, ten bodies are usually thrown into one hole; sometimes even twenty."

Not achieving anything, the children looked, with eyes red from weeping, through the cracks of the fence toward the irregular mounds of wet clay. For a long time they stood there crying and looking at the graves, till the keeper drove them away. Oppressed with sorrow, the children, holding each other's hands, returned to the snow fences, which were the witnesses of their cruel experiences of the last five days, including the parting with their beloved mother. This place now became for the orphaned children their second home. Under the protection of these fences, they began to consider what to do further.

The very thought of being put into barracks for orphans seemed terrible to them: yet they realized that that would be their salvation from hunger, which began to be more and more intense. Their meager supply of food, as well as money, had been taken from them with the rest of their baggage.

Fear overshadowed the lonesome, hungry, and freezing children, although high above them the larks were joyfully singing their spring songs, and the clear rays of the sun gilded everything around. In the hearts of the orphans it was a dark night. Their mutual sorrow drew the brother and sister together. Shura tried to be a mother to her little brother: she kissed him and tried to comfort him with the following words: "We shall not despair, my beloved; God will not forsake us!"

Just as the children decided to follow the railroad to the next village to beg a bit of bread, they heard above them a coarse voice: "What are you do'ng here? To whom do you belong?" An unknown, uniformed man appeared before them and looked at them searchingly. They became so completely confused that they could not say at once that they were the children of immigrants and had just recently lost their parents. The stranger commanded them to follow him, and led them into the distribution office. There it was promptly decided to send them to the barracks for the orphans, where they did not want to go, because it meant separation for them; the girls' barracks were several railroad stations distant. Not heeding the pleadings and tears of the children, the officials took Pasha to the boys' barracks, about two miles distant, while Shura was sent on the train to the girls' home. The sorrow of the children at parting cannot be described, for they lost in each other all that was still dear to them on this earth.

Pasha was taken to the barracks, where three hundred boys had already been placed. Many of them who had lived there a long time had become very mischievous, since they were now accustomed to the environment. With coarse joking, shovings, and pushes, the newcomer was greeted by the boys. Pasha entertained only one thought within a week: that was to flee from the barracks. The whole surroundings — the indifference toward the needs of the children, the coarse manners of the inmates, the continuous squabble and fighting, as well as the obnoxious dried fish soup at dinner — had become intolerable to him. The lad watched for a suitable moment for the flight. The boys were forbidden to leave the barracks without being accompanied, but Pasha dared not tarry. He went out into the dark night and climbed over a low place in the board enclosure, and ran, as if being chased, in the opposite direction from the railroad. About four miles from the barracks was the beginning of a large woods. On arriving there, Pasha felt somewhat calmer. He ran no more, but walked on, endeavoring not to lose sight of the edge of the woods, yet trying to get as far as possible from the barracks. Pasha walked until he was too tired to go farther: then he lay down under a tree and was soon fast asleep. He dreamed that he was overtaken and was carried back to the barracks, where he received a beating, and the obnoxious fish soup was continually poured into his open mouth.

The warm spring sun was already high in the sky when the little runaway awoke. The manifold song of the birds almost deafened him: it seemed as if the feathered songsters wanted to boast of their art before the intruder into their green domain. Pasha arose and thought what to do next. He decided to return to his home village of Sosnovka: he had not forgotten the name of his district or county. What good times he used to have in Sosnovka! He remembered the small but beautiful river where he had bathed and caught fish with the other children. He would have liked very much to see his beloved sister before going, but where or how could he find her? Besides, it terrified him to

think that he might be found and brought back to the barracks. Therefore he bravely decided to go on, so that he would soon be far from the hated place; then he would inquire more particularly about the way to his home village.

With the exception of one village, where he begged bread, he avoided the homesteads all that day. As the second night overtook him, he went farther and deeper into the woods to spend the night. He lay down under a big tree and was soon fast asleep. Before daybreak he was awakened by a slap, and somebody called him with a loud voice: "Hey, there! Get up, little fellow! Why do you lie here? Who are you here with?" When Pasha arose he was confronted by three fellows armed from head to foot. He was thoroughly frightened. "Don't be afraid, we will not harm you. Tell us how you came here."

When Pasha noticed that these men were not from the barracks, he told them freely what he had passed through and where he wanted to go. The men listened attentively; the clever and daring boy appealed to them. After a short consultation they decided to take him along. "That he may not perish," they said. "This stripling can become somebody yet. He was not afraid to flee from the orphanage, and now he wants to undertake the long journey to his home village all alone! We just have to raise him in our style."

They told the boy of their decision, at the same time praising their manner of life, and promised him that he should fare very well with them. Pasha dared not contradict them, because he feared these armed men. He went with them into the interior of the woods, where in the clearing a strong young man waited for them with horses. He grasped Pasha under the arms, lifted the boy in front of himself on the horse, and they galloped away. After riding a long time by winding paths in the forest, they finally stopped. The horses were taken away, while the men, dragging Pasha behind them, crawled through an opening under some trees broken down by a storm. After a few minutes' walk through thick woods, they came upon a clearing, where there were about twenty persons, mostly armed, and a few women. The eyes of all centered upon the boy, brought in as dirty and ragged as he was. They poured questions upon him: who he was, where he was from, etc. One of the men, seemingly the leader of the band, asked: "What's your name?"

"Pasha, Paul!" answered the boy in a firm voice.

"What is your family name?"

"Tikhomirov" (which means "quiet peace").

"That kind of name does not fit among us: from now on you shall be called Greasy, since you are so dirty and greasy," said the man. From that time he knew no other name than Greasy; the new name pleased them all very much.

Now it became clear to Pasha that he had landed in a robbers' den. By and by he became acquainted with the new life, and eventually acquired even a liking for it. The carefree liberty, the good food, the joyous and animated mood, all worked to make him friendly to these people, and he ceased to think about Sosnovka. Only his sister Shura he could not forget; the thought of her often made him sad, as he assumed she was no longer alive.

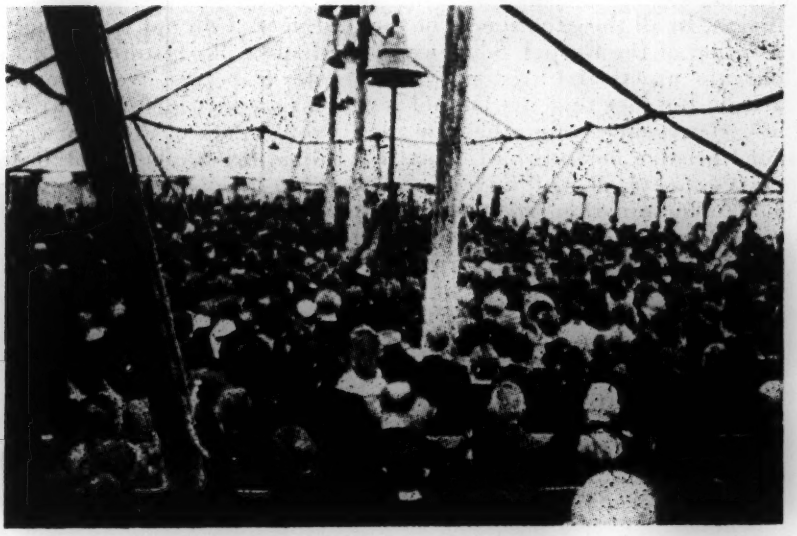
(To be continued)

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, November, 1948.

Very dear Friends:—

The fast-slipping year reminds me that winter is soon upon us, and before I have to leave for weeks of Gospel services here and there, I feel I owe you a general letter. The last one was written a half-year ago, having May, 1948, as its date. The year 1948 was a "good measure, pressed down, shaken together,

GOSPEL TENT IN OPERATION IN GERMANY



While it has a seating capacity of approximately 1100, inside and outside about 1600—2000 people gathered from day to day to listen to the glad tidings. Picture above shows it among the ruins of the city of Gelsenkirchen. After the first series of meetings some 200 professed to have received Christ and about 50 desired to be baptized. The tent cost $2,089 at factory and was provided for by friends in U.S.A. and Switzerland (each providing about half).

running over" year in every respect. If there is anything outstanding to report, it is the abundance of His compassions. Indeed, they were new every morning: "great is thy faithfulness" (Lamentations 3.23).

From one to two weeks each, I preached the Gospel in eleven towns. In eight of these towns we visited with the Swiss Gospel tent of the Free Gospel Tent Mission. In all the experiences of the past years I do not remember such good reception of the Gospel. Souls were saved and folks restored, and Christians led into practical Christian work. As never before, we were deeply impressed by the fact that the Gospel tent serves a very definite purpose in our times. Many come, who otherwise never would darken the doorway of a church or Christian meeting-hall. Usually it rallied the whole Christian forces of a town. Gospel tracts with invitations came into every household. Choirs of the various denominations took turns from evening to evening. Even brass bands came to play, going through the whole town and bringing in the crowds. As the towns were quite distant from my home, the motorcycle carried me daily some fifty miles, to and from the meetings. By now the speedometer shows some 10,000 miles. The messages were deeply appreciated. We daily had folks from former towns and villages at the tent. There were some who travelled long distances by train or bicycle, to hear the Gospel message. This meant, too, that I was obliged to give a continuous series of some fifty messages without repeating the same theme twice. "The river of God is full of water" (Psalm 65.9). Throughout the year I was privileged to visit some twenty-eight towns and villages, to give forth the Word of life. But the main concern is not that it be preached, but that it be received with a heart of faith and obedience. If I have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

Vacation Places for Refugee Children. — As during the last few years, we still have children come into Switzerland from the war-torn countries, to stay here three to six months. We fetch them at the border in Basel and return them across the borders to go back to their homes, so far as they still have homes. Just recently one girl came out of a family of three children. They come from Russia. Some years ago their father, a Ukrainian Gospel preacher, was called to the local police station. From that moment he never returned, and his wife and children have never heard what has become of him. He just disappeared. Another girl is just now here who has no more relatives. She is all alone in the world, and would like to stay in this country. We have a particular joy in finding places for as many children as we find guest families. Our people sacrifice considerably to take up these children. Each one costs up to a hundred dollars, as they have to be clothed from head to foot. What a joy it is to return them to their homes! Often they have gained as much as twenty-five pounds. As we place them in Christian families, they are sure to be in a spiritual atmosphere.

At the larger railway-stations there are now as many as ten picture-posters with forty photographs each, of little children who are searching for their parents. Below the small pictures the children's names are written, and often it is added, "or a similar name." Short notes occur again and again, as: Nothing is known as to where the child comes from. The child can recollect neither parents nor brothers and sisters. Mother was lost when they fled: father shot by the Russians on the way. Poles took off her stockings and shoes, and deprived mother of her coat. An elder brother deported by the Russians. The children say: "Mother went shopping, but she didn't come back." The child lost its mother while being transported with other refugees. The child was with a woman who presented it to a Mrs. X, and disappeared after that. More than 26,000 children who were registered as "without par-

ents" and had forgotten their names, and part of them even the place they came from, have so far found their relatives. But there are still another 22,000 children to whom the cry for help applies: "Help us in our search!" Besides these children, there are still 20,000 orphans in Poland, who are retained by the Polish government in camps in order to work. It is true that the Polish government declared that there were only 10,000 children, and that the British Occupation Authority refused to take them over. We heard this difference in the stated figures with new horror. Where have the other 10,000 children disappeared to? In that great mass expulsion from eastern Europe, some 4,800,000 died of hunger or froze on those ghastly treks from eastern Europe, trying to reach Western European zones.

Vengeance Is Sweet. — How deeply vengeance is rooted in the hearts of even children, is shown by the following: In a certain home in Switzerland a kind man has taken up all kinds of children from many nations and races. He wants to prove to the world that by proper means, all men may be brethren. Among the children there is an Arabian boy. He is a bright chap, but always thoughtful and of a serious complexion. God knows what he has gone through. To brighten up his lot, someone donated a scooter for him. Surely now he will smile and be happy. But as before, he remains as earnest as can be. One day he really is joyful, and the home people find that he has given his scooter to the other children to play with. What a noble character, they think. Then somebody found him counting pennies, and wondered where he got them. His teacher found out that he was renting his scooter for a few cents an hour to the other children. "You're in business, are you? Why don't you give the scooter free of charge?" "Well, I have to make money." "Could you not tell me," said the teacher, "when you want some sweets? You know, I always have some." "No, I must make money." "What are you going to use it for?" "I want to buy a second scooter." "What on earth would you do with a second one?" "Make more money." "Well, do you want to open a garage?" "No, I want to buy a rifle." "Did you not see rifles enough during the war?" "No, I want to kill every Jew that crosses my way." "You don't mean that! But don't you know that you are not to kill other boys? And besides that, nobody would sell a rifle to an eight-year-old boy." He had never thought of that. He fell into a long, deep silence. What was he to do now? After a while he left the premises of the home, and went in the direction of the forest. Next time the teacher saw him, he was busily working with his pocket-knife on a heavy stick. After the teacher had watched him for some time, he asked him: "What are you doing, my boy?" "I can tell you that. Since nobody will sell me a gun, I am making one myself." "But that won't do. Where are you going to get the bullets?" "I never thought of that." Again silence followed. His whole future was blocked. But finally he had the solution. In the meanwhile, he gave his scooter to the other boys free of charge. He disappeared again into the forest, and returned happy. This time he had a bow and an arrow. "With this I can kill them too," he said.

A large part of our time is still occupied with the refugee work. I suppose you will ask: When will this cease? Well, as soon as we can do without it. In the western sections of Europe there is a marked tendency toward improvement. However, in the Russian-occupied sections the need is growing. We still open from day to day heartbreaking letters, so numerous we could fill trunks with them. As the Lord enables us, we send from week to week the help we can.

Yours in His service by grace,

FRED AND MARTHA STETTLER.

Znojmo, Czechoslovakia, December, 1948.

Dear Prayer-helpers:—

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Philippians 4.6). That is a blessed encouragement, especially under the present circumstances, when the only thing that seems certain is the coming of the Lord Jesus for His own redeemed ones. Satan is raging, knowing his time is short. Everything else is uncertain, unpredictable. However, we can trust all to the Lord; He knows how to run His business.

"Sowing early and late, not knowing which will bring forth fruit." Praise the Lord for His guiding grace, even where we do not see the results. It is so much more appreciated, when unexpected mercy is manifested. We just heard from a place visited over a year ago, when we made a side trip to a village in the hills. Pausing on the edge of a clearing, I noticed a house at the far end below. We had no time to go there, but wanted to invite the people anyway. So I played my occarina, and concluding the hymn, I megaphoned the invitation to join us. Nobody came that time, but later a woman from that house began to come to the meetings. The report stresses the particular way in which the Lord calls. It is for whosoever will; it is up to us to offer the opportunity.

Working on a translation of Moody's "Way to God"; we would like to see it completed soon, and for that reason have to beg pardon for tardiness in writing answers to some of the faithful friends. If it will not be possible to print the same, we want to have at least some typewritten copies to circulate that good message. Those may be circulated to some benefit, and hope it will also do some good to the teacher who is looking it over for me, as he is not taking the stand he should. Also an old gentleman, over eighty, totally deaf, is making further copies, and we hope will be benefited by giving closer heed to the copying. He has plenty of time, and though he does not speak about it, there is hope that the message will reach him also.

Serene, amid the general turmoil, is the expression of our friend the music teacher, referring to the confusion and worries even among those circles. Some misguided ones seem to think that teachers and students are merely killing time, and ought to be put to work. Funny to observe such, as their own work is just to down the others. While he gets the free work of the "brigade" of students to pick his cherries, he just goes about to jostle them to "more work," and wanted them to be at it the whole day, without even offering them a lunch.

A wrong wish was expressed by a boy, to whom Mrs. Lukesh tried to expound the glorious hope. He wished that we would not be taken away. Asked for a reason why, he said that he would be lonesome without us here. Though he is quite interested, and a regular attendant, he did not see the better solution, to be also ready for that day.

Blessed for suffering all manner of evil for His sake — that is the lot of our faithful sister B., who keeps on inviting children to the Sunday School. It would make volumes to write her experiences. Recently a police investigation was started, on the charge of three girls, that she invites children, only to beat them with a stick. Anybody knowing the least bit about present-day children realizes that they would not stand for being beaten. Likely it is according to an old adage, supposing that others do what one is guilty of himself.

Making poetry on Mrs. Lukesh is an evidence of what the children think, and the enemy knows it. Asked what the poetry was about, they said they wished she would still be here for the next three hundred years. Of course,

it gave again an opportunity to show how much better the promises of the Lord are. Praise the Lord that we have His promises to proclaim, as well as to go by, in everything.

What about our health? We were a bit upbraided by some kind friends, that we do not speak about it. We praise Him for keeping us fit to serve Him, while it is time. What the future brings, is in the Lord's hands. The Light must shine in darkness, by His grace. Many thanks for your prayers.

In Him,
CHARLES AND EDNA LUKESH.

Dr. Yuk's Diary

Yesterday and today (the 22nd and 23rd of June) the armed Hebrew soldiers fired upon the Hebrew soldiers. The Hebrew Armed Organization, for which a steamer arrived with arms, refused to allow the government of Israel to see this steamer. An armed struggle ensued. Some people were killed or wounded. The mood of the city is very much disturbed. At any moment, civil war may break out. Today, all day long, tanks have been passing through the streets, rumbling and crashing, full of soldiers armed to the teeth. "What will happen?" is the general question when people meet, and the answer is: "*Thoye tov*," — it will be all right. And indeed it will be all right, but we shall speak more of that later on.

When people ask me personally (as the patients do, most frequently) what will happen in the future, I say: "It will be only that which God wills, and what He wills must happen without fail. And He has foretold the future through His prophets, especially through the prophet Zachariah." "And what is foretold there?" they generally ask me further. "Here then, read it for yourself," I answer.

June 28th.—Today at the clinic there was a patient who was very much upset nervously, and whose strength was greatly depleted. She herself explained her condition as due to her difficult experiences, in connection with the situation of our country. "It is hard," said I, "but then we are living in a very interesting and historical time." "Yes, yes," the patient took me up, "it seems that the Biblical times are coming back, the times of Amalek." And gradually the conversation passed over to the theme of Joseph and his brothers. The brothers, when they had sold Joseph, tried to forget him, and sat down to eat bread, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. But God did not forget. After twenty years God, in accordance with His plan, compelled the brothers to meet Joseph again; and at this encounter, not recognizing him, they told him a lie to his face: "One of our brothers (Joseph) is not" (in the Hebrew, *einenu*, he does not exist). It may be that after twenty years Joseph's brothers even believed in their idea, that he was not. This patient had already been at the clinic a number of times, and knows our convictions; and by her face I saw that she had guessed whither the conversation was tending. In fact, this example of Joseph is also an answer to the question: "What will happen?" God never forgets anything, and in the future there will be an encounter between Israel and the "Joseph" of whom Israel has now for two thousand years been saying, "*Einenu* — he is not."

A few weeks ago, when the Egyptian airplanes were flying over Tel Aviv, in order to drop their bombs there, the people, at the sound of the siren, hid themselves in the shelters, in the lower stories of the buildings. Along with

the others, I too, many times, often had to wait out the bombardment in the "*miklati*," the shelters. This was compulsory. It was interesting to make observations upon myself and others, at the possible imminence of death. Once, among others who were in the shelter, there appeared a group of elderly, and apparently pious inhabitants of the city, all with their heads covered. They carried on a conversation among themselves on various themes of the day, interspersing their talk with recollections of the past. The past, the long years, the greater part of their lives, they had lived in other lands, and this past had not been especially joyful, — but the present? As for the present, — here they sat, in their declining years, in the "*miklat*," to save themselves from the Egyptian bombs. The "sons of Pharaoh" were at this time circling above our heads. This was the present. I involuntarily became thoughtful.

Suddenly there was clearly borne to my ears one brief phrase, spoken by someone in the above-mentioned group of conversationalists. It was spoken so clearly that it drew my involuntary attention: "We have been living in error now for two thousand years." Why he said this, I do not know; I did not hear what preceded or what followed. But what truth, what terrifying truth, was in those words! "Does he understand what he has said?" I thought. To live in error for two thousand years! When I related this episode to a doctor-friend of mine, who often visits our clinic, and is also very pious in the Orthodox manner, he replied: "Believe me, the man himself probably did not know what he was saying." So be it; but then it is possible, it seems, to speak the truth without even knowing that it is truth. "We have been living in error for two thousand years." How many more years, then, must we go on living in error? And in what does this error consist? But, it may be, if there had been no "error," then there would not have been those two thousand years. These are all questions to which Israel has not yet given an answer. But "not yet" does not mean "never." The famous Hebrew poet Frug, who lived and died in Russia some decades ago, wrote a poem called "*Al-chet*" (A Prayer Concerning Sin), in which he says:

> But I pray, — Lord, my defense and my protector! —
> Forgive my people's sins!
> Forgive, Father, the faults of those who wander in an abyss
> Of despair, calling out to Thee.
> Let only the pale light of the starry skies
> Shine on their dark and sorrowful fate. . . .
> Behold, O Lord, does not the time draw near?
> The millions have been smitten with blindness,
> And are there not many whose spirits, not overcome by darkness,
> Either see the light, or long for the light?
> What further sacrifice must we bring,
> In order to open the gates of salvation?
> What tribute? What redemption?
> Lord! instruct and deliver us! . . .

The prayer of this Hebrew poet Frug is almost of a prophetic character; he prays for the enlightenment of millions of his people who "have been smitten with blindness." Unfortunately, he himself had not yet seen that "sacrifice" which could have opened the "gates of salvation." "We have been living in error for two thousand years!"

JAMES YUK.

(To be continued)

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CHILDREN'S DAY is celebrated by many of our churches some time in June. The May-June issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD will be a special children's number, with pictures of the missionaries' children, and reading-matter that will appeal both to children and to grown-ups. Plan now to reserve a copy of this issue for some child you know. Send us his name and address, with ten cents in coin or stamps to cover costs, and the Children's Number will be mailed to him. Why not order copies for the members of your Sunday-School class?